

DEATH

QUEEN
ON THE

Death of the QUEEN

BY A

Person of Honour.

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The Beauty of Israel is fallen—

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. Bentley, in Russell-Street in
Covent-Garden. 1695.

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QUEEN.

By a Person of Honour.

The Beauty of which is fallen



LONDON:
Printed for R. Bawley, in Roper-Street, in
Covent-Garden, 1842.

DEATH

OF THE

QUEEN.

SHE'S gone! The Beauty of our life is fled;
 Our Joy cut off, the Great **MARI** dead.
 We faint beneath the Stroke: But weep no more,
 Waite not our Sorrow to a Foreign Shore;
 Left **ALBION**'s Enemies with impious Breath
 Prophane our Sighs, and Triumph in Her Death!
 Tears are too mean for Her; our Grief should be
 Dumb as the Grave, and Black as Destiny.
 For such a Loss let universal Nature mourn,
 And all things to their first Disorder turn.

Ye Fields and Gardens, where our Sovereign walk'd
 Serenely Smild, and profitably Talk'd;
 Be Gay no more; but Wild and Barren lye,
 That all your blooming Sweets, with Her's, may dye,
 Sweets that crown'd Love, and soften'd Majesty.

Blest Princess! How distinguish'd, how ador'd!
 How much above ev'n Her own Sphere She soar'd!
 Whilst other Monarchs glory in their State,
 In Wealth and Power contented to be Great;
 She, with a God-like and Heroick Mind,
 Pursu'd a Greatness of another Kind:
 A brighter Diadem than Earth could give;
 A glorious Name that should for ever live.
 And with unweary'd Virtue pressing on,
 Gave Light to, not borrow'd from a Crown.
 Nor was this Angel lodg'd in common Earth,
 Her Form proclaim'd Her Mind as well as Birth;
 So graceful and so lovely, ne'er was seen
 A finer Woman, or more awful Queen:
 The Gazing Crowd admir'd Her as a God,
 And reverenc'd the Ground whereon she trod.

Ye gentle Nymphs that on her Throne did wait,
 And help'd to fill the Brightness of Her State;

Mourn

Mourn over your dead Mother, speechless mourn,
 Watch Her dear Ashes, and attend Her Urn
 She cherish'd and adorn'd your tender Years,
 Preventing all the fearful Mother's Cares,
 Would all with shining Gold, and Purple grac'd,
 Your Beauties in the torch Light were plac'd.

How Majesty is fall'n! As if the Great
 Were destin'd to short Days, and sudden Fate.
 O Empire! Thou deceitful treacherous Good!
 How false thy Smiles, tho' hard to be withstood!
 What stormy Ills thy calmer Brow conceals,
 And what uncommon Strokes a Monarch feels!
 See where the glorious *NASSAU* fainting lyes;
 The mighty *ATLAS* falls, the Conqueror dyes.

O Sir! return, to *ALBION*'s Help return;
 Command your Grief, and like a Hero mourn.
 If you forsake us, we are lost indeed;
 Your Subjects now Lament, but then must Bleed.
 Think what a Task Your Virtue has begun,
 And be not weary e're your Race is run.
 That Power that form'd You in the tender Womb,
 Then laid the Scenes of all Your Toils to come.
 Decreed that you should *EUROPE*'s Saviour be,
 And from fierce Monsters purge the Earth and Sea;

Monsters

Monks over the world
And in no other place
The church and altar
Success and Honor
How'n guide your
Your Father's name
And may you live
And may you live

How Majesty's fall
We desire to see
O Empire! Thou
How fall the
What form
And what unclean

See where the
The mighty
The Conductor

O Sir! return
Command your

If you forsake
Your Subjects
Think what a
And be not

That Tower
I have said
I think that
And from these

Monks

